

Sacred and Moral
POEMS

ON THE
Most Important DUTIES
of Common Life.

ON
The Higher Perfections, and Peculiar
Obligations of a CHRISTIAN;

ON
Some of those Solemnities, whereby He
is distinguished from all that own not
the Name of CHRIST;

AND
Tending to Illustrate several Passages of
HOLY SCRIPTURE.

~~By Mr. WILLIAMS~~

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L O N D O N,

Printed for the AUTHOR. A. D. 1753.

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AND
Teaching to the same Purpose, Passages of
Holy Scripture.

By Mr. WILLIAM S.



LONDON

Printed for the AUTHOR. M.D.C.C.C.

**THE
DEDICATION.**

 **FROM Thy free Love, Peace, Truth,
[and] Wisdom flow,
Thou Great Preserver of Mankind;
Thy liberal Hand, and Grace from Heav'n,
[bestow
Both Power to Do, and Aims aright**

II.
From Thee is every good and perfect Gift,

O Thou who always ready art
Up to Thy Self our Souls from Earth to lift;

And Joys that fade not, richly to impart:

III.

Never in Love inconstant, never known

In Love to vary, or remit,

At all Times such as in thy Word is shewn,

Such as Excelling Glory does besit.



All pure Affection raise, make strong,
Preserve, renew ; 'till so Thou art obey'd

As justly to Thy Godhead does belong.

V.

O give me every necessary Power

To Do, and Steadfastness of Will

To Chuse ; and now on me Thy Blessings shower

Till all Thy Precepts I with Zeal fight

No Unclean Thought nor Deed unholy can

Before Thy holy Presence stand ;

Other to be, in vain presumes that Man

Who is not wash'd by Thy All-cleansing Hand.

VII.

Lord, make me clean from all my secret Faults ;

From all Presumption make me clean ;

With that pure Blood of Life so cleanse my Thoughts,

That White as Snow they may by Thee be seen.

O VI

A

TO

**TO THE
READER**

I *For Gold Thou lovest, Apples of Gold are
[here,
But not to feed thy Avarice;*

*Only in Silver Pictures they appear,
In Ornaments of much less Price.*

II.

Not from the Tree of Mortal Knowledge look

For Pleasures that conclude with Pain;

But from the Tree of Solid Life, that Book

Which all excels, Life rather gain.

III.

Nor to the Smoothness of each Line attend,

And for strong Images of Air;

22

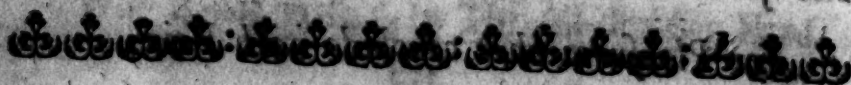
But

TO THE READER.
But follow me, more with *Grace*; *Love* *and*
Pursue, in Heav'n's true Judgment fair.

THE OT

If ought that shou'd, provoke, let Serpents bite
The File, their Teeth that will not feel;
I'll hope there is less Power in all their Spite,
Than Firmness in the quiet Steel.

V
The Good, the Courteous, and the Kind I please;
All not too Good, or Bad, to Mend:
I love the Patient; as for his Disease,
Let him forgive, if that offend.



ERRATA.
P. 18. line 9. r. languishing. P. 42. l. 3. r. whilst. Item, after,
To guard from Wrong, and open Staggards Eyes; add, Over thy
Vice the Mastery to get. P. 89. l. 12. r. Composer. P. 117. to
Granaries, in l. 11. add this Explanation thereon, Churches ga-
thered from among the Gentiles.



But

Sacred



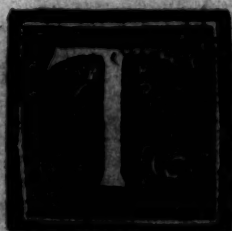
Sacred and Moral POEMS.



The Pious GRATITUDE.

(From PSALM CXI.)
With Zeal and Diligence to all Men's Sight
My Maker's Glories to display.

I.



THE Goodness of the Lord I'll freely
[own ;
With my whole Heart I'll praise his
[Name ;
His Mercies with Delight and Pleasure
[shown,
All every Day aloud proclaim.

1122 17

To

II.

To Him I'll cheerfully give Thanks and Praise
 To Whom all Thanks is fully due:
 In Secret, and those that love his Ways;
 And solemnly, in Publick View.

III.

I'll Nothing to my self assume or claim
 That does, to God my Strength, belong:
 My inmost Thoughts shall not invade his Name,
 Nor do my Great Deliverer Wrong.

IV.

With all my Heart, I'll evermore delight;
 Without Reserve, without Delay,
 With Zeal and Diligence, to all Mens fight
 My Maker's Glories to display.

V.

Those that with Firmness to his Laws adhere,
 (The only Persons I esteem)
 Always to Me for their bright Vertues dear,
 Upon the great and joyful Theme

VI. Shall

VI.

Shall daily hear me speak like One that feels
 And sees the Things he does declare ;
 Whilst my glad Tongue God's wondrous Works reveals
 In living Words, and can't forbear.

VII.

To Them, whose Friendship as of Him I prize,
 I in Discourse will daily tell
 His Praise ; I'll set his Deeds before their Eyes ,
 And oft on His great Mercies dwell.

VIII.

I'll Nothing lose that adds to His Renown ;
 I'll all the Circumstances weigh :
 Our Head His Blessings do for ever crown ,
 His Praise we'll constantly display.

IX.

Nor will I be with this alone content ;
 There where His Enemies appear,
 My Publick Thanks ev'n they shall not prevent,
 I'll no unjust Reproaches fear.

XI.

Some seem in Publick, with Delight to shew
The Honour of His Glorious Name;
With Hands and Eyes, they many Thanks bestow,
And with their Lips His Praise proclaim;

XI.

With Custom to comply, or to deceive;
Their Heart untouch'd with Love and Joy:
Sincerity not needful they believe,
And for themselves this Pomp employ.

XII.

Others, in Private, where they dare be seen,
Among their Friends, sometimes admire
The Works of God: but all his Praises screen,
And where they mayn't be heard, retire.

XIII.

When they're about to celebrate His Name,
(As if it were some shameful Thing)
Their Feasts, not His great Goodness, they proclaim,
And hide the Gratitude they bring.

XIV. But

XIV.

But I will Publick Testimony give,
 In open Day, in all Mens sight,
 To His Great Name in Whom I move and live;
 And with my Friends in Him delight;

XV.

My chearful Praises shall with Shame confound
 The Haters of the God of Peace:
 In Joy and Hope shall make the Just abound;
 Their Piety and Faith encrease.

XVI.

God's Name shall the delicious Object be
 That always ravishes my Heart:
 To all with whom I'm intimate and free,
 I will His gracious Deeds impart;

XVII.

That They on Him at all Times may depend;
 That They may likewise gladly praise
 That God who does His Servants still defend;
 And firmly love and keep His Ways.

XVIII.

The Lord great Things does every Day atchieve ;
 His Works are worthy to be known ;
 Great Things the Righteous from His Hand receive ;
 Help, Joy, and Peace are His alone.

XIX.

Great are His Works, and All that take Delight
 In Him, His Works with Joys behold :
 They fill with Pleasure Their attentive Sight ;
 They cannot be too often told.

XX.

All Those that in *the Lord* our God delight,
 And do His Works indeed approve,
 Their Beauties do eternally invite ;
 They can't their wondring Eyes remove.

XXI.

Just Admiration makes them search with Care
 The lovely Deeds They so admire :
 The Search They prudently with Patience bear,
 New Admiration does inspire.

XXII.

XXII.

Far while they sound, they can no Bottom find;
 God's Praise the longest Line exceeds;
 Tho' much they see; still there's much more behind
 To be admir'd in all His Deeds.

XXIII.

All Those who God's just Praises freely own;
 His Justice, Pow'r, and Truth discern:
 His Royal Mercies unto Sinners shewn;
 Do, by their own Experience, learn.

XXIV.

They do not superficially admire
 The joyful Tokens of His Praise;
 But, with Affection, skilfully enquire
 What does so great a Fabrick raise.

XXV.

The Works of Men strict Observation fear,
 And need a favourable Eye;
 But God's, with greatest Loveliness appear,
 When they in Light most open lie.

XXVI.

XXVI.

Those Mysteries we now far off revere,
 And only under Cover see;
 When up to Heaven We ascend, brought near,
 Shall please with brighter Majesty.

XXVII.

All those Objections in the Dark now made,
 Those Earth-born Damps, and Fogs of Pride,
 That now the Sun of Righteousness invade,
 Shall then no more his Lustre hide.

XXVIII.

And what can Such now against Him effect?
 Still He shines bright when they resist:
 Such Vapours can't reach Him: Nor His reject
 The Light from Heaven for a Mist.

XXIX.

My Lord, my God, my Saviour, and my Trust;
 The Lord of Glory; Prince of Peace;
 The Christ of God; the Holy and the Just;
 Whose Kingdom never shall decrease;

XXXXX

Thee will I serve; Thy Godhead ownest more
 By Thee deliver'd, give Thee Praise
 In Thee I also will believe; define
 Of Thee to keep me in Thy Ways.

XXXLXX

Thy Glory with the Father, I rejoice,
 Before the World Beginning had,
 Thy Glory with Himself, to see Thy Voice
 I love to hear, and all Things made,

XXXLXX

All by Thy Word upheld: Thy Power so great
 Gladly confess. The Father shew
 In Thee His Son my Soul delights to meet;
 And the sincere Agreement own.

XXXIII.

Worship to Thee, by Precept Angels owe;
 God's Host is Thine, owns Thee the Lord;
 What then is due from Us, whilst Here below,
 So favour'd, and by Thee restor'd?

XXXIV.

XXXIV.

From Death and Hell Thy Arm has set us free;
 All our Corruption Thou hast purg'd;
 Author of Life and Immortality
 Thou art, whose Wrath our Sins have urg'd.

XXXV.

Thou Holy *Lamb of God*, for Sinners slain,
 Thee, wheresoever Thou dost go,
 Here let me follow, and of Thee obtain
 That Crown no Other can bestow.

XXXVI.

Thou both (a) THE ALPHA and OMEGA art;
 None is Before or After Thee:
 O send Thy Light and Truth to lead my Heart;
 Be First and Last, and Life to me!

(a) Το Α καὶ το Ω





The Folly of placing our Delight in any thing but Religion.



Early of serious Thought, Men turn aside
 To many Pleasures; all too light and
 Their sickly Mind spurns those by Heav'n
 And treats the Purest only with Disdain.
 Those Things which God our Bus'ness has design'd,
 Employments raising tow'ards Eternal Bliss,
 He does the most unsatisfying find
 Who loves not the Eternal Life, but This.
 On his Sick Bed this World of Feathers laid,
 With Fev'rish Heat, and pining Thirst oppress'd,
 His Happiness some wild Deliriums made
 On ev'ry side he turns, but finds no Rest.

His Taſt abhors Meats to the Healthy ſweet ;

Their ſmell he ſcorns, the ſavour he deems too great,
 Still he ſeeks to ſuck a purer Air.

Sometimes with Eyes piercing the Standers-by,

Sometimes with ſad Deſpondency of Face ;
 Raving ſometimes ; or elle with Fancy's Eye,

Counting Abundance in the Empty Space ;

Still Laguiſhing he lies, and only feeds

On thinneſt Diet, and the weakeſt Food,

Unapt for Life, only Amuſement heeds,

And can't ſupport what moſt might do him good.

Take up thy Bed and walk ; 'tis God's Command :

Nor here ſeek Reſt, but go the neareſt Way ;

Diverſions ſhun, and carry in thy Hand

What carries Others into more Decay.

Don't lie diſſolving in collected Plumes,

Meer outſide Beauties of terreſtrial Things,

Sinking Enjoyments charg'd with loathſome Fumes ;

But rather, of thoſe Feathers make thee Wings.

Human

Human Judgment: Deceitful.

Nothing is more uncertain, false, and vain,
 The Truth they judge, of greatest Follies
 Men think they act as Wisdom ought to lead,
 When Folly blinds the Eye, and does the Deed;
 When Fear, or Hope, or Noise, or Silence gain
 A Verdict by Surprise, and Truth remains
 Which if it ask a Hearing, must expect
 From such no other Answer but Neglect.
 A strong Imagination rais'd by Chance,
 Or which some busy Motion does advance
 Of Thoughts unruly, and too oft in haste
 To swallow Poisons, heedless of their Taste;
 Or minding only That, without all Sense,
 Or Thought of Ills, their certain Consequence

Furious Perswaders from abroad, or some
 That no less mighty from within us come,
 A false opinion that we do, or can
 Do more than is within the Power of Man;
 That all that moves the Scale is in our fight,
 And that it stands, or we can place it right;
 That we both know the Quantity and Name
 Of ev'ry Weight now, and when not the same,
 Of Matters most unknown, plain Truths soon make,
 And Errors such as Ages cannot shake.
 On these Foundations built, high Fabricks rise
 Of solid Arguments against the Wise,
 As these perswade, the best of Friends we hate,
 Too soon offend, as oft repent too late;
 The choicest Blessings to a Curse abuse,
 Love cursed Discord, offer'd Peace refuse,
 For fear of Grief, draw on what ne'er had been,
 And lose those Comforts we propose to win,
 Making much baffle about Good, or Ill,
 When 'tis the height of Wisdom to sit still.
 Be

Be therefore not too hasty in concluding
 Nor rashly, and unask'd, thy Sinner's blameless
 Indulge another more, thy self suspect,
 And own when Time thy Error shall correct.

Piety the Way of Peace.

HE that fears God, is blest
 Happy and safe in every Estate ;

His Soul enjoys true Rest
 And Peace, with holy Thoughts sedate
 In God's Commandments such have great Delight ;
 Day it augments, and turns to Day their Night.

Kings boast their tott'ring Crowns,
 Their Weight with Arrogance support,
 Number their Troops and Towns
 And Sycophants that throng their Court ;

And

But

But in Religion only is true Bliss, nor anxious
Who elsewhere seek it, still their Pursuit miss.

III.

Some seek their own Content ;

Some strive their Families to raise,

A Pow'ful House much bent

To stand from Insults and Decays ;

Its firm Foundations to establish so,

That Time may'nt live to see its Overthrow.

IV.

Others run very fast,

Riches to seize, that fly away,

And Weak that cannot last,

And great heavy Loads of Clay ;

Treasure and Plenty make their highest Aim ;

In Gold place Glory ; in Abundance, Fame.

But with what growing Pains

Does Avarice distill the Mind !

But

And

And with all unjust Gains,

How many Torments are combin'd!

Peace they pretend: But Wickedness has none,

So God declares, and ev'ry Day makes known,

VI.

My God, not their false Ways,

I will believe, extoll, obey:

The Riches which they praise,

Quickly work out their own Decay.

False are their Joys, and sitting all their Trust;

They change their Glory for a Lye

Writ in unstable Dust.

VII.

The Worms that never die,

Envy, Repinings, Guilt, and Pride;

Lovers of Ease deny

Ease, amidst all the Means supply'd:

Their Happiness is but a tempting Skin,

These all consume, and make abhorrid within.

VIII. The

And with all mourning,
VIII

The Fire that's never quenched,
With Rage their Feverish Soul devours,
In vain the Earth is drench'd

And often wash'd with cooling Showrs;
For *Aena* still they in their Bowels feel,
Nor can the Roaring of its Flames conceal.

The Riches which in praise
IX

Look into their Success,
Exactly its Extent survey;
Deformity undress;
See with their Verdure, their Decay:
Their Happiness is Falshood and a Dream,
Nor longer true than 'till Men wake can seem.

Love Requiring Guilt and Pride
X

On Precipices lie,
And on the Brink of Death secure;
God Those condemn, defy,
Those who nor Pain nor Thought endure:

adT. IIIV

Once

Once broke, their Measures are extinct, and cease,
And all their Schemes of Earthly-lasting Peace.

XI.

For he who mortal Aid
Confides in, and Himself, or Chance ;
Nor is by Force afraid,
And Fraud, his Purpose to advance ;
Shall surely know, that God is Just and Wise,
And feel how vainly Man elsewhere relies.

XII.

Blessed a-while appear
The Great, the Wealthy, and the Gay :
But he who God does fear,
Is Bless'd, nor shall his Bliss decay ;
From Strength to Strength Immortal it proceeds,
As God bestows, and as his Precept leads.

XIII.

In holy Love and Fear
There's nought that can our Peace annoy ;

To Piety adhere
 Only Delight, and Hope, and Joy :
 And when we do those Things our God commands,
 Peace fills our Heart, and Plenty fills our Hands.

XIV.

Godliness with Content,
 The Soul from Heav'n, like Manna, feeds,
 Is pure and permanent ;
 Thither, from whence it comes, it leads ;
 Nor for Support on any thing depends
 Which Air does tarnish, or with Time which ends,

XV.

Above all mortal Aids.
 A Conscience that eschews with Care
 Ev'ry Sin, and bravely wades
 Thro' Opposition ; breaks each Snare
 Laid to retard its Way ; a Feast supplies,
 Which not, like sumptuous Fare, a Burden lies,

But

XVI

But ever does regale,
 Continually new, excite,
 And never check or fail
 The strongest healthy Appetite.
 Marrow and Fatness less delight the Taft,
 And all the Delicates with Gust embrac'd.

XVII

Jehovah whilst we praise,
 Athletick Vigour fills the Soul
 Contemplating his Ways;
 Delight upon Delight does roll,
 With joyful Lips whilst we his Name rehearse
 Who made and rules with Love the Universe.

XVIII

Tall Palaces of Pride,
 The humble Cottage far excels
 Where Faith, than Gold oft try'd,
 More pure with lovely Meekness dwells.





Be Kindly-affection'd One to-
wards Another ; with Brotherly
Love, in Honour preferring
One Another.

ONce were there such a Heart in Men, how soon
Wou'd almost all their Miseries be done ?
The Day of Comfort in its pleasant Noon,
And Love triumphant as the Mid-day Sun ?
Why then are Churlish Thoughts so fast retain'd
In Those who do a Higher Rank pretend ?
Why are These envy'd, and the Low disdain'd,
If Love might both in their Condition mend ?
Why are such Grudgings, and such Coldness seen,
Where Love in Equals shou'd alike prevail ?
The noblest Praise by both condemn'd as mean,
In both observ'd too equally to fail ?

Certain

Certain it is, that kind Affection brings
 Great Pleasure with it to the friendly Breat,
 Which Coldness never knew ; and many Stings
 Can't like One angry Sickness break the Rest.
 Whilst only for Themselves Men cark and care,
 And claim Regard according to their Pride,
 They oft find more of Things they ill can bear ;
 And more of those they covet, are deny'd.
 Inquietudes encrease, Delight abates ;
 And whilst their Share to others One denies
 Of Love and Friendship ; still the more he hates,
 The more oppress'd he with Vexation lies.
 But happy are all those who don't affect
 Lordly Pre-eminence, nor monstrous Gain,
 Nor slight the Suff'rer whom they shou'd protect,
 Nor hear Complaints, when they might help, in vain.
 All Affable and Friendly, not in Shew
 Alone, but freely from the very Heart ;
 Propense to Goodness, joyful to bestow ;
 In nothing curtailing Another's Part.

The Humble, Generous, and Open Mind
 Is that which is both God's and Man's Delight ;
 Whoever has it, to himself is kind ;
 The more thereby he Others does invite,
 But Those who Competition rather chuse,
 And Distances are willing to extend ;
 For meer Punctilio's, all true Friendship lose ;
 And for an empty Formalist, a Friend.
 By Love and Condescension, and Desire,
 Strive first your Self in Friendship to exceed ;
 And know, and then a worthy Friend acquire ;
 Loves Others ; Him thro' all your Bosom lead.



On Censure, and Applause.

When from the Mouth of Fools they
 come,
 I value neither Hiss nor Hum.

Another.

[18]
Another.

TIS good to be Well Thought of: yet I know
More Joy in Real Honour, than meer Shew.
'Tis good and pleasant to obtain Esteem;
But Worth is more than Worthiest to seem.
No Man's Opinion makes me Good, or Bad;
Praise I despise, when well it can't be had:
And undeserv'd Reproach will chuse to bear,
When Censure to avoid becomes a Snare.
Praises, and Love, and all that Helps shou'd be
Heap'd freely at the Roots of ev'ry Tree
Which now brings forth, or hastens to produce
A grateful Plenty for each good Man's Use;
And constant Care shou'd make the Product more,
And daily add unto the lovely Store.
When it is otherwise, the World sustains
Loss, as it shares in all that Vertue gains;
The Honour due to God is not well paid,
When Those who serve Him in Contempt are had.

And

And tho' the Vine much Damage may sustain
 Whilst Men let Thorns encrease, and Briars reign;
 And the rich Clusters lose their gen'rous Taste,
 When a large fertile Vineyard grows a Waste,
 And by degrees the slighted Grapes decline,
 And only Verjuice yield, instead of Wine;
 A Man who does a noble Mind possess
 Vertue holds fast, tho' scorn'd and in Distress.
 From God he seeks a Recompence, not Here,
 And rather Well to do, than to appear:
 Nor can he quite uncultivated lie;
 For God his Might, Love, Wisdom will apply.

My Soul, so evermore resolve and live,
 And unto Him thy Strength sincerely give
 Whose Hand made all Things, that I never may,
 For Fear or Hope his Statutes disobey.
 He is the Fountain from whence Honour flows,
 And all wise Men the Praise of God have chose.
 The great, the only, the enduring Shame,
 Is to offend against his holy Name.

To

To all the World report when Sisters meet
 And catch Flames that costed Pollen sweat,
 The Uprising freely granted by his Love,
 Shall shine like Stars, and his Joys above
 Their most costly Dances from Age to Age
 Keep without Pale, and without Lease or Fee
 O Holy Father, for thy Son's sake,
 This blissful State my certain Portion make,
 And ev'ry Day my Soul full here possess
 The Crown of thy Thy grace's Blessings



Advice to the Ambitious

Fine Star-like Phantasm, which before our Eyes
 Do'st play, and vanish, now unto the Skies
 With restless Tumult climbing through the Air,
 Next moment on the Earth in black Despair:

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E

Sharing,

Sharing one while, with real Stars in Place
 Another, in the next, in Disgrace:
 Born of the Earth, yet thinking that you're fit
 To Heav'n do Wrong, and not return it
 Athirst for Wind, and hungry for Applause
 Vile Slaves for empty Names, and gilded Shows
 Good Men's Reverse, tempted by Mean Ends
 Whilst all their Pains much your Perseverance
 With all who much deserve offend men
 Ne'er known, but when you hurt or sting
 Devouring Particle, whose busy Rage
 No Pity has for Youth, or Sex, or Age,
 Whose Pride and Rapine does at once destroy
 The Old Man's Travail, and the Young Man's Joy;
 Like furious Flames, contending soon to make
 Of lofty Cities Heaps; thy Rage forsake.
 Why wilt thou make each sad Spectator see
 Thy Glory only in his Misery?
 Or in his Neighbour's Ruine? Things Profane
 And Sacred, treating with the same Disdain
 Blind

Blind Flocks, and Flocks of Devotion
 And all this they would do, and all this, and all this
 They no Distinction make, and all this, and all this
 With impious Bards the Temples they invade,
 Altars they defile, and all this, and all this
 The humble Shed and humble Shed, and all this
 Alike: They will not make distinction
 Nor hear the wretched Mother Shripes and all this
 They mock at Force, and all this, and all this
 In Storms, Confusions, Darkness, they delight
 And shew, and spend in Mischief, and all this
 And when, before they can't do more, they die,
 Their Histories in hateful Rubbish lie,
 This only being boasted in their Place,
 That once they did much Hurt, and all this
 Tell me, malicious Wight, what can be
 Hereafter told the World in Praise of Thee?
 But to be flattered, and to leave a Name
 Which Fools for Fear or Poes on high proclaim
 With loud Applause, to make Nations fear,

And Kingdoms tremble at your drawing near;
 To pluck the Lawel from a Field of Bloods;
 And swell the Widows Tears into a Flood,
 Is great and brave; or if you should not find
 Providence favour Things so well design'd;
 Th' Attempt will yet immortalize your Fame,
 And not to have Success, can be no Shame.
 A *Magnis tamem excidit* shall be
 Repast enough for baffled Villany.
 Vain Man! your self thus basely to delude!
 He has done more who has himself subdu'd,
 Than he who triumphs over all the Foes
 Which warlike Nations to his Strength oppose.
 Who to his Reason makes his Vices yield,
 More Honour gains in a much nobler Field.
 To be Esteem'd only amongst the Wise,
 Exceeds a Multitude that rends the Skies.
 God does not in such Bravery delight,
 The Strength of Horses He does justly flight,
 Your fair Supporters, and your idol Might.

This is Man's best Pursuit, his Worth and Fame,
 God to only and praise in his Name.
 Cease therefore empty Shadows to pursue,
 And first of all your Bosome Foss subdue.
 For Mercy then, which so neglected lies,
 Bravely declare, and hear the mournful Cries
 Of those who do beneath Oppression groan,
 Defend their Cause, as if it were your own.
 The Fortresses of powerful Vice attack,
 And let it here be seen you will not turn your Back.
 Here all your Skill in Warlike Arts display,
 Here Lawrels pluck that will not fade away.
 So shall your Praise in Heav'n recorded stand,
 And you by Force obtain the Promis'd Land:
 A glorious Diadem your Head shall crown,
 Adorn'd with Peace, and Gems of true Renown.



On a Rich Miser.

IN Wealth abounding, and yet Poor,
 He keeps too much, and covets more,
 Of Thousands more than needs possess'd;
 He can't do Good, nor live at Rest.
 He seems in Heav'n, Things go so well,
 But digs with Pains his Way to Hell.

Every One obliged to Improve
 his Talents.

THE Blessings you possess, employ
 His Honour to promote, who justly may
 Expect that all we do enjoy,
 Should teach us that great Lesson, To Obey.

He

He liberally does bestow
 All his unerring Wisdom fitting too;
 This all Men to his Bounty owe,
 To use his Gifts as with his Will agrees.

To some he does five Talents give,
 To others two, to ev'ry Body one.

With these large Gifts, whilst here we live,
 Is something for his Glory to be done.

Search then, and see, examine well
 What Royal Gifts you really possess.

At first, perhaps, you cannot tell,
 Or may mistake the greater for the less.

The Chief, as worthy of most Care,
 Seek, and preserve, and labour to improve,

Addressing God with fervent Prayer,
 And serving him with all obedient Love.

The Least beware you don't despise,
 Them gratefully acknowledge and esteem;

They great Improvement with the Wise
 At Times may yield, as little as they seem.

Observe

Observe how all the World with Care
 And Pains are labouring for Wealth or Fame,
 What Hardships and Fatigues they bear,
 To compass That which they have made their Aim.
 Their Politick and Prudent Arts,
 Their deep Designs, their Craft and Cunning see;
 How they have given up their Hearts
 To what they blindly make their Deity.
 And then for Shame don't think such Pains,
 For Him who made the World's stupendous Frame,
 Too much to take, since endless Gains
 They reap, who daily fear his holy Name.



To the most Excellent *Theophilus*.

MY Dear THEOPHILUS, see how the Sun,
 By God's Appointment his set-Course does
 Always in Haste to Men's benighted Eyes,
 With joyful Light and friendly Warmth to rise.

No

No Call it needs ; it never does forbear
 At the just Times again to glad the Air ;
 But flying Darkness constantly pursues,
 And Life and Beauty every-where renews.
 With indefatigable Pains, his Heat,
 The Wants of Sea and Land does run to meet.
 It all Things doth with Fruitfulness inspire,
 The Meanest share in this All-warming Fire.
 The most Remote its kind Approaches feel,
 And all that the unfathom'd Depths conceal.
 Thus Christ our Lord in Righteousness proceeds,
 With Truth illustrious, and gracious Deeds :
 A smiling Spring adorns the Verdant Earth,
 And lovely Fruits to which his Grace gave birth.
 Daily should all the Children of the Light,
 The Followers of Christ, put Sin to flight ;
 And Error from benighted Minds remove ;
 Themselves shine bright ; around 'em all improve.
 They should with friendly pleasing Beams allure ;
 Inform, and rouse the Sleepy and Secure ;

And to his Den command each Beast of Prey ;
 Whilst Men pursue the Business of the Day.
 They should to active Holiness invite,
 And with the best Instruction mix Delight.
 They should God's Service ardently attend,
 And their progressive Labours have no End.
 With even Course, all constant as the Sun,
 They must the Race by God commanded run,
 Hastening to their Comfort and Relief
 With Sin who languish, or who faint with Grief.
 The naked Soil great store of Fruit will give,
 Ev'n dying Plants by our kind Warmth may live.
 We, every Moment are our Maker's Care ;
 And shou'd not He, in ev'ry Moment share ?
 Have the whole Rule ? the Sway unrival'd bear ?
 His Works for us cease not from Day to Day ;
 Then how can we, to serve our God, delay ?



To the Displeas'd Offender.

YOU are in Fault ; and all the Fault's in me,
 Because, those Things you will not mend, I see.
 A Foe you think me, whilst I keep the Field :
 A Fool you'd know me, if I tamely yield.
 One Way still open to Agreement lies ;
 Do you turn back ; then we shall both be Wise.

Advice, upon Resentment.

Resentment use, as Reason does advise ;
 To guard from Wrong, and open Sluggards
 Fools, that to Nothing milder will submit, [Eyes ;
 To rescue from Themselves. Sins of deep dye
 With equal Anger and Abhorrence fly ;

Correct, and cure. Never let one advance
 Encourag'd by your easy Countenance ;
 Consenting Silence ; or such gentle Blame,
 As brings you in a Partner in the Shame.
 Resentment, wisely and of Love, forbear ;
 Weakness, Mistake, forgive ; the Suffering spare,
 Who would not somewhat of Indulgence find,
 And Pardon easy for Faults undesign'd ?
 Who wou'd not be with Gentleness set right,
 When he has lost his Way, or meets with Night ?

When I would do Good, Evil
 is present with me.

I.
What Words suffice to signify my Shame ?
 My Debts what Numbers can express ?
 What Recompence to thy most holy Name
 Can he find out, who does thy Word transgress ?

And tho' I know the Danger
I daily do my Happiness forget ;

I daily my Reproach pursue ;
Vice I too freely to my Breast admit,
And much too faintly labour to subdue,

III.
I frequently resolve I will forbear

Those Things which thy Commands forbid ;
And yet, as soon as the Old Serpent's Snare
Is spread again, Fear from my Sight is hid.

IV.
I, void of Thought, to Precipices run,

As soon as rescu'd by thy Hand :
I act as if I cou'd not be undone ;
And after many Falls, presume to stand

V.
In the same slippery Places I have found
So often deadly to my Ease :

And

And tho' I know the Danger of the Ground,
My flatter'd Follies with false Safety please.

VI.

Oh! when shall I be Innocent and Wise?

When, O my God, shall I indeed

Repent? All thy Commands sincerely prize?

And in thy Ways with Constancy proceed?

VII.

Pardon me, O my God, and take away

Those Sins with which my Soul is stain'd;

Thee, make me always chearfully obey,

And ever serve Thee with Delight unfeign'd.

VIII.

Nothing is for thy Pow'r and Love too great,

Thy Wisdom no Confinement knows:

Tho' I want Strength thy Enemies to meet,

None can thy Power in thy Son oppose.

IX. For

For Thy own Glory, mercifully hear,

According to Thy Name, my Suit :

My Guilt is great, yet let thy Love appear

And fill my Heart, then shall I bear much Fruit.



The Voice of Joy and Health is
in the Dwellings of the Right-
teous.

I.

THE God of Wisdom has assign'd
A Palace that immortal stands,
Built by Himself, and not with Hands,
For Men of upright Mind.

II.

This humble Edifice secure
From Storms which do the lofty shake;

And

And of the proudest, Ruins make ;

Does all Assaults endure.

III.

And tho' devoting Fire invade,

The Flames its Beauty much improve ;

And only guard it where they move,

A Wall about it made.

IV.

Tho' beating Rains stream from Above,

In Cataracts upon it pour ;

Winds, Waves, in horrid concert roar ;

'Tis safe in Truth and Love.

V.

'Tis founded on a Rock too strong

For any Miners Tools to pierce :

Pure Faith in Him the Universe

Who rules, and hates all Wrong.

VI.

He in this Palace ever dwells :

The Light, the Glory, and the Joy,

The

The Blessedness without Alloy
Of him whose Life excells.

VII.

He here a Paradise has made
Where Fruits delicious to the Mind,
The Weak, the Poor, the Hungry find;
And Flow'rs which never fade.

VIII.

CrySTALLINE Springs run warbling by,
Sky-Larks and Nightingales unite
Here to perpetuate Delight
To all the Grotto's night.

IX.

Delicious Fountains finely play,
And with melodious Musick tell
How joyful 'tis with Peace to dwell,
How happy to Obey.

X.

Instead of Statues, here are plac'd
An Active Piety and Love,

G

A harm-

A harmless Serpent and a Dove,
With all due Motions grac'd

XI.

No poisonous Reptile here is found;
But all that for Delight or Use
Heav'n does, throughout the World produce,
Does here encrease, abound.

XII.

Inscrib'd on all the Walls firm stand
The Laws and Pleasures of the Place;
Which if Men labour to efface,
They madly lift their Hand

XIII.

Against themselves. The Voice of Joy
And Health does always here abide:
The Pleasant Lute and Harp divide,
And Songs the Hours employ.

XIV.

Songs sacred to the Power Divine,
Inspiring Thoughts brave and sincere;

[54]

Songs apt for every Pious Ear;
Where Heavenly Beauties shine.

XV. XIX

Songs that in moving Numbers tell
The Inward Graces of the Soul,
And almost make the Dying Whole
Who yet can bear 'em well.

XVI. X

Now Nature's Mysteries they unfold,
The sacred Wisdom there display'd
Open to pure Beholders laid
In chosen Words of Gold:

XVII. X

Now soaring a much higher Flight,
With the fair Realms of Truth reveal'd
And Grace from Heav'n more nobly fill'd,
From thence instruct, delight.

XVIII. X

How blessed is the Man that leaves
Ungodly Talk, destructive Ways;

All the just Laws of Love obeys,
And to Religion cleaves!

XIX.

How blessed is the Man who dares
To serve his God, and live sincere,
When Thousands by false Interest steer,
And all the World is Snares!

XX.

The Man who rules his own Desire;
Nor Suffering, but Sin does shun;
Who leaves not a good Work begun,
Nor does, grown slothful, tire!

XXI.

Who truly loves Eternal Bliss,
The Pains of Victory with the Crown;
Whom Ill Mens Flatteries, nor their Frown
Can make to do Amiss!

XXII.

To us, O Lord, such Courage give,
That we may nothing fear but Thee;
The

The Heav'nly Wisdom, not to be
Content in Sin to live.

XXIII.

On us these Joys, this Bliss bestow ;
That we may ever praise thy Name,
Thy Goodness now aloud proclaim,
To After-Ages shew.



On PRAYER.

GOD, with pure Hands, expects an upright
His Blessings, Those that ask with Faith shall
No angry Suppliant, or distrustful, he
Approves ; but Meekness, Love, Humility,
Obedience to his Will, a firm Belief
In Christ our Lord ; These conquer every Grief :
To These He ever lends a willing Ear,
To the Repenting, Tender, and Sincere.

But

But Men who bring their Sins, with great Expence
For costly Incense ; Heav'n affront, incense.

The RETREAT. A Preparatory for the *Lord's-Day*.

NOW for some Rest ; mean Cares retire ;
False Aims, and Hopes that quickly die,
[depart :
Some better Things, my Soul, desire ;
And keep for God, and for thy Lord, thy Heart.
All the Delights we here receive,
Should Gratitude, and Love to God, excite ;
Such we should ever freely leave ;
Our Lord, and Great Deliverer, to requite :
The liberal Donor of such Joys
As Man on Earth cannot attain, or know,
'Till Death this moving Tent destroys,
'Till to Another World from This we go.

ALL

All present Pains and Pleasures bear,
As he that hopes for, and has Heav'n embrac'd;

Now thither rise, thy Saviour there
Enthron'd adore, and to his Altar haste.

Thither, my Soul, look up with Joy,
And to thy God his Service freely pay;

Six Days he does allow thee to employ
On lower Labours, and on Earth to stay;

In them we may perform with Pains
All Things this feeble fleeting Life requires;

With Common Good seek private Gains,
And modestly indulge our own Desires.

But lest, while Earthly Things delight,
Our Heart forget his Great and Holy Name

Who made the Day, and form'd the Night;
One Day in Seven He for Himself does claim;

To be observ'd with holy Rest,
With Pious Joy, and Works of Love, and Pray'r;

On which his Might should be express'd,
And Men should all his Pow'r and Grace declare;

When

When no Distraction should withdraw,
 No Cares or Toil with-hold our willing Mind
 From due Attention to his Law;

No false Delights to Earth and Rubbish bind.

And can we think One Day in Seven
 Too much like Angels here on Earth to spend!

Can those which are the Joys of Heaven,
 Any that hope to dwell there, now offend?

No, certainly: Nor can Men pay
 Sufficient Thanks to Him who thus ordain'd

To Honour, Bless, and Sanctify His Day;
 And yet how often is his Day profan'd!

Bless'd Day, whereon before the Sun
 That brighter *Sun of Righteousness* arose,

How long it is 'till Night be done?
 How loth do my Expecting Eye-lids close?

Well, when I Sleep I'll think of Thee,
 And entertain my self with holy Things;

Thus ev'n with Light afore-hand be,
 Whose slowest Beams condemn the Eagle's Wings.



He



He is Risen.

HE's Risen; and we should our Affections
 With Hearts complete with Love, to sing his [raise,
 Who for our Sin a Sacrifice was made, [Praise
 And His own Blood our perfect Ransom pay'd.
 He's Risen whom our great Sin, He whom our Fall
 Had so offended; giving Life to All.
 For us he from the Father's Bosom came
 To do his Will; to bear our Curse, our Shame,
 To Die: He now is Risen: Nor could He be
 By Death detain'd, who is Eternity.
 He's Risen, whom most pure o'erflowing Love
 Made Here to serve, that we might reign Above.
 He's Risen, who, tho' of a Woman made,
 In making all Things, first his Power display'd.
 He's Risen, who tho' our Flesh He did not scorn
 To take upon Himself, and here be born,

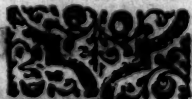
H

His

His Ancient Lineage does from God derive
Before all Worlds, and ever with Him live.

He's Ris'n, that we from Guilt and Sin might rise,
And from the Grave, to Joy that never dies.

Let us live holy, and in God delight;
Receive, extol his wondrous Grace; his Might,
And most abounding Love confide in, who
For us did so much suffer, so much do.
He's Risen; Death and Hell are now subdu'd;
Man is with Strength and Holiness renew'd:
Heaven is open'd unto us who see,
There own'd by All, his Pow'r and Majesty;
To us who study, love, obey his Laws,
And follow where his pure Example draws.
The great Accuser seeks our Hurt in vain;
Our Great Redeemer lives, and evermore doth reign.



**The Beginning of Strife, is as
when One lets out Water.**

I T is an easy Matter to Contend:
The Difficulty is, To make an End.

A Caution to Advisers.

A Dvise with Gentleness; and rather shew
Than tell Another that it Must be so.
Imperious Counsellors but few regard;
To be Instructed by Commands, seems hard;
And he that blindly serves Another's Will,
Only by Chance is safe from doing Ill.

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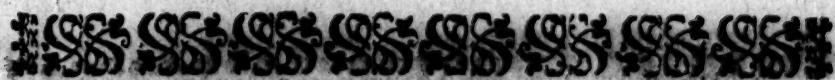
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On Pompous Tombs.

Fair Cases for foul Carcases,
'Tis Folly much to prize:

From Death, he best preserves his Name,
Whose Life is truly Wife.



On Love, Justice, Fate, and Chance, being represented Blind.

I.

Because Men have not Eyes to see
The Loveliness and Gain of Love,
From all mean selfish Follies free,
And pure, like that enjoy'd Above;

II.

Because a Mist does interpose,
So thick they can't their Beauties view;

And

And Ignorance so overflows,

It does just Sentiments subdue ;

III.

Justice and *Love* they say are Blind,

And think 'em like their own dark Mind.

IV.

Because what God decrees, and why,

Is far beyond the Search of Thought ;

And his Designs in secret lie,

In vain by bold Pretenders sought :

V.

Because Things weak, Men too much trust,

And think God's Instruments their own ;

His Providence they in Disgust

Call blind, or stupidly dethrone.

VI.

But were they more Discreet and Wise,

They'd see his Glories with Surprise.





Be Wise as Serpents, and Harm- less as Doves.

ILL Men, whose mischievous and murd'ring Breath
Sends to the Chambers of Eternal Death,
Whose Tongues such Multitudes of Souls destroy,
And daily poison all the Springs of Joy;
Hissing at all that Reverence does claim,
And lifted high against God's holy Name;
Those, in whose Lips Mischief is always found;
Who tear the Poor, infecting whilst they wound;
Who with a specious Shew delude the Eyes,
And make a Prey of all they can surprize;
Fix'd to the Earth, by crooked Motions known,
Who Heav'n forget, and all strait Paths disown;
Like the Old Serpent, who in Blood delight,
And by fair Words to Grief and Shame invite;

Have

Have yet the Wisdom to pursue their End,
 Better than Those that Truth and Peace intend,
 Their Wisdom imitate; Be you as wise
 In striving for what None enough can prize.
 God's Favour with their Industry pursue,
 With their Address, his Enemies subdue.
 In Arms their Conduct and their Courage learn,
 And Opportunity, like them discern
 Friendship to win, to keep, and to maintain;
 Improve by Trade, and find the Paths to Gain;
 By their Example learn. Their Wisdom use
 Those Joys to gain, they foolishly refuse.
 To Heav'n to arrive, and endless Bliss;
 Learn by their Art and Zeal to do Amiss.
 But far from all their Wickednesses fly;
 With none of their deceitful Ways comply.
 All their foul Poison, all their Vices hate:
 When they hiss loud, and your Destruction wait,
 Go Circumspect, and Arm'd; and for Defence,
 Take those sure Helps kind Heaven does dispense.

Innocent as the inoffensive Dove
 Excell in holy Constancy and Love.
 Let Malice never in your Breast have place ;
 But Gentleness, and Truth, and every Grace.
 Sharp, grasping Talons, and a piercing Beak
 Leave Those to wear who Blood and Rapine seek :
 Do You in Chaste Affection ever live ;
 To None do Hurt, and easily forgive.
 With Wisdom true, and Innocence, combin'd ;
 Peace here, and Crowns of Joy hereafter find.



She that liveth in Pleasure, is
 dead whilst she liveth.

DEAD whilst they Live, to Persons Light and Vain
 Seem the Compos'd and Wise :
 Of all Things that are Serious, Fools complain,
 And all that's Good, despise.

Religion's

Religion's Dull, and Duty is a Weight
 Too great for Those to bear,
 Whose vapouring Wit can love no other
 But Emptiness, and Air.
 In Frolicks, Merriment, and all that may
 Under a pleasant Shew
 Corrupt the Mind, is Nature to obey;
 In Most 'tis brought so low.
 But the Creator of the World design'd
 That All should more delight
 In Serving Him, and greater Pleasure find
 In always doing Right.
 He did not our Immortal Souls ordain
 For Joys that quickly fade;
 Nor Wisdom gave to be possess'd in vain,
 But gave to be obey'd.
 All Earth-born Pleasures, all Delights that die,
 All that must quickly end,
 'Tis base to serve, and noble to deny,
 For Joys that far transcend.

The Pious Soul, ev'n in Grief and Tears,
 Happiness gains, partakes;
 The Mind which God desires, obeys, reveres,
 Much more than it forsakes.
 Folly too oft, dress'd in Delight, appears
 A Bliss we should not leave;
 The Path of Life beset with Grievs and Fears;
 But Bless'd are They that Grieve.



For the *LORD'S-DAY*.

Come now, my Soul, above the Earth ascend,
 And view the Glories and the Joys
 Which long ago for our approach attend,
 Whilst Folly more our Care employs.
 Six Days we are with tedious Labours spent,
 Grasping at Things that fly and fade,
 And can't hold out one Seventh Day unbent,
 Tho' with continual Toils decay'd.

Our grovling Minds, when we should God regard,
 In vain so high desire to climb;
 The easiest Task of Duty soon seems hard,
 Eternity much less than Time.

Not thus should Mortals act, whose Time is lent,
 In order to enduring Bliss;
 Their Labours ought not to be so mis-spent,
 As still the surest Mark to miss.

Short, and to All uncertain are our Days,

And all that Men most covet Here;
 Our greatest Pleasures only live to raise

A false Delight, and disappear.
 Why then do we relapse with so much haste
 To those Desires that every Day

The Health impair, and but deceive the Taste;

And when they most content, betray?
 Early shake off thy Grave-Cloths and arise,

Thy God and thy Redeemer meet,
 Him who did all Things for thy sake despise,
 And all thy Enemies defeat.

The Conqueror with Songs of Triumph bring,
 And place in his beloved Throne ;
 Hasten to pay glad Homage to thy King,
 And his Dominion Joyful own.
 The Spells He freely gives, with much Delight,
 The Pil'd up Treasures He bestows,
 So take, as may both do the Giver Right,
 And all that from his Goodness flows.



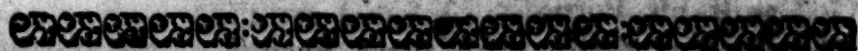
A PRAYER at entring into Church.

O Lord, now touch my Heart, and fill
 It all with Reverence to Thy Will ;
 And All that do this Day draw near
 Thee to confess, to know, to hear
 Within These sacred Walls ; excite
 To make Obedience their Delight.

Grant

Grant that our Lips and Hearts may be
 Both constant in Adoring Thee;
 And all our Powers improve and guide,
 More Light, and Strength, and Grace supply'd,
 More to be Thine with full Consent;
 No Look, nor any Thought mispent.
 All Those who Here Thy Truth declare,
 For the Important Work prepare,
 Thy Word make fruitful, daily bless
 The smallest Grain with great Success;
 Whilst in our Life is clearly shewn
 What God we serve, whose Laws we own.
 The Praises offer'd to Thy Name,
 Bright with Devotion cause to flame;
 The Prayers that in This House we make,
 Do Thou direct; and None forsake
 Who Here intreat, with Faith in Thee
 And in thy Son, thy Comency.
 Make us with holy Comfort tread
 This Awful Place; with such a Dread
 Inspir'd,

Inspir'd, and such true Love of Thee,
 As fits for Immortality.
 Of Thy true Worshippers encrease
 The Number, and enlarge the Peace:
 Let Unity keep all Parts sound,
 And Love throughout Thy Church abound;
 'Till in the bless'd Abodes Above
 We are entirely Peace and Love.



Not Wealth, but Wisdom most
 deserves our Choice.

IN a good Hand commend a Well-fill'd Purse,
 But never the Abounding Miser's Curse.
 He neither can do Good, nor Good design,
 Who only is a Slave to dig the Mine:
 Nor will One Wise Man his Wealth repine,
 Or envy his Success, or wish to be
 Possess'd of such a vile Felicity.

Amidst

Amidst those Heaps he calls his Own, is lost
The Man ; too dear those sordid Treasures cost
 He neither can well part with, nor possess :
 The noble Mind has more true Wealth in less.
 Who cannot Do the generous Acts he wou'd,
 May have the Pleasure of Intending Good ;
 And calmly, where the Means refus'd prevent,
 Sit down with God's wise Providence content.
 God will his Purposes of Good requite,
 And He that did prefer the Widow's Mite.
 But the proud Churl, who bury'd in his Store,
 Calls himself Rich, is Infamous and Poor ;
 By Heaven and by Man abhorr'd, he scrapes
 And hoards ; fit only for a Land of Apes.



Why

Why does the Way of the
Wicked prosper? Why are
all they happy that deal very
treacherously?

WH Y do You think it Prosperous to be
From healing Wounds and kind Corrections
[free?

Why do You think those Happy that remain

Dying in Lethargies whilst free from Pain?

Why looks Neglect like Favour in your Eyes?

Or why is he whom God does so despise,

Envy'd the more, and look'd upon as Wise?

Why may not God of his own Gifts dispose

As He most fitting in his Wisdom knows?

Why does frail Man expect to understand

All the hid Springs form'd by his Maker's Hand?

Why does that Man repine whose Lot is best,

And think Eternal less than Present Rest?

Why

Why is Sardonick Laughter nam'd Delight?
 Or that Day glad, which brings Eternal Night?
 Go, simple Man, first let these few Things be,
 Before thou God accuse, resolv'd by thee.

The RESOLUTION.

THE Everlasting GOD is my Delight,
 My Comfort and Defence;
 Me from his Service no vain Fears shall fright,
 No timorous Pretence
 I'll for a shameful Disobedience seek,
 His holy Laws I love;
 Through Troops of Terrors I can boldly break,
 To dwell with Him Above.
 All this I owe to Him; and by His Aid
 Supported, cannot be of Man afraid.





A Word spoken in season,
how good is it?

Hatred, and Love, Grief, Anger, Hope, and Fear,
To sober Reason seldom lend an Ear;
Reproofs, Persuasions, Threatnings they despise:
But when the Storm is past, Men use their Eyes
To have Men Wise, Those counsel that can Think;
Not the Intoxicate and Lost in Drink.
Even to Liberty they urge in vain,
Who do not first get off the Prisoner's Chain,
Nor any Way for his Escape provide,
The strongest Argument, is Means supply'd.
If then with You the Thing it self perswade
And ought, You may be easily obey'd.
What serve Upbraidings, when You should Relieve?
Or why does Cruelty the Wretched Grieve?

Are Falls Accusers either Wife or Kind,
 Who rend and tear the Wounds they ought to bind,
 Who with their Shadows fight? Or Sufferers o' enjoin
 Who Heav'n call in hard Censure to defend,
 And Persecute the just with pious End,
 Forgers of Guilt the more to reprehend?
 Is Censure like Compassion, in Distress?
 When strongly you Insolvent Debtors press,
 Or a *Non-Compos-Mentis* gravely teach,
 Will he be Wise? or grows your Womship Rich?
 Assist Insolvents, that in Time they may,
 Tho' now they can't, their Debts with Pleasure pay.
 Hate not the Sick, but seek their speedy Cure;
 And what They cannot help, do You endure:
 'Tis possible that You may Think Amiss
 In Other Points no less, if Right in This.
 Some Other Time You may Forbearance need,
 Attendance, Help; the Healthiest are not freed
 By Lease from Sickness, nor have Heaven's Grant
 Such kind and patient Treatment ne'er to want;

Nor, if they had, wou'd any generous Mind
 Be Merciless, professing to be Kind:
 Or Sufferings o'erlook, they should remove:
 Or only to enrage the Hurt, reprove.
 A just and wise Reproof observes due Time,
 And spares the Mourner, tho' it hate the Crime.
 Tender to All, not of *Benbadad's* Class,
 It Censure does like some kind Brother pass;
 To All, but Those whose flagrant Crimes must be
 In Justice scourg'd with strict Severity;
 Or whose obdurate Stiffness needs a Hand
 Of no small strength, to make 'em understand.
 How lovely then, how pow'ful does it prove?
 How much convince? and how prevailing move?
 But when on Avarice bottom'd, or on Hate,
 Or Humour, when too early, or too late,
 When Pride does dictate, Cruelty suggest;
 Or all is meer Grimace, (not from the Breast
 With Love inspir'd, and by true Wisdom taught,
 The Act well circumstanc'd, no mean View sought)

What

What Good does it effect? or rather, what

But mutual Ill, and Grudges ne'er forgot

No Good Cheer whilst he lives must be made
 No more of this evil and ill must be made

A short Sketch on a MISER.

WHilst living, he dies;
 He hates to be Wife;

Gold is his Plague, his Shame, his Desire;

He'll eat of the Worst;

Bear Hunger and Thirst;

And go for spruce Heirs in the Mire;

II.
 To keep 'em in State;

If they will but wait

Till the Slave in his last Chest is laid;

He'll

But

But if they are hasty,

He will be crusty,

No good Chear whilst he lives must be made.

III.

His Wifer her affords

Hard Cheefe, some soft Words ;

To his Sons, some old Rags of his own ;

By the Ancients he bears,

It plainly appears,

His Great-Grandfather's are not yet gone.

IV.

He scorns Pretenders,

That deal in Cinders ;

To make Gold he has learn'd better Ways :

Having robb'd Rich and Poor,

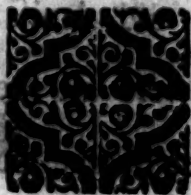
He'll now starve in that Store

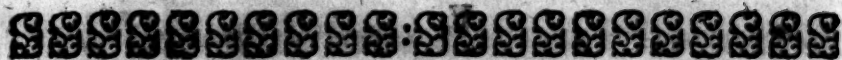
So ill got, and thus ends his vile Days.

V. He'll

He'll save Med'cine, and Meat
 Till no more he can eat,
 And Linen, and Washing Expences;
 Then the Grave hides his Bones,
 And the pin'd Worm bemoans
 That so long he liv'd out of his Senses.

One Grave to the other
 Cries, Art thou come, Brother?
 Long I thought, I shou'd have thee at last,
 But where is thy Treasure
 Belov'd beyond measure?
 Poor weak Fool, Cou'dst not still hold it fast?





Incorrigible Vice.

Virtue and Vice I like themselves express'd,
Yet Vice prevail'd in *Amartea's* Breast.

I Praises did to *Amartea* give,

Hoping, that as I said, so she wou'd live:

But presently she thought those Praises due,

Who, what they are, yet never rightly knew.

I Others in her hearing did commend;

And this did either flatter, or offend.

I Others did to *Amartea* blame;

And of her Faults she left to them the Shame:

She's not affected; not a Blush appears;

She unconcern'd, her own Indictment hears.

I said, That *Amartea* did Amiss;

Rudeness and Pride were all she found in this.

Still *Amartea* will her Shame pursue;

Soft Treatment cannot cure; nor what is True.

Plain-

Plain-Dealing is too rough, and Complaisance
 But spreads a Carpet where her Crimes advance;
 Ill-Natur'd, Proud, Censorious she remains;
 All that dare see a Fault in her, disdains,
 Or in her Conduct; arm'd all Cap-a-pee,
 She neither Reason fears, nor Infamy:
 With all that Rout of Vices; Vertuous, Wise,
 And Spotless, in her own False-telling Eyes.



He that Despiseth Small Things,
 shall fall by little and little.

Small Things despis'd, ev'n large Estates decay.
 Small Things despis'd, great Empires wear away,
 Small Things despis'd; Gardens, their Beauty lost,
 Answer but ill the Owner's Hope and Cost;
 A watchful, constant, skilful Hand they need,
 Each Part to trim, and every Plant to feed;

To guard and cherish, and expose with Art,
 And make the Gays their Charms abroad impart.
 Small Things despis'd, Sicknefs and Death steal on,
 And Life, before Men are aware, is gone.
 Those form'd by Nature Healthy and Robust,
 And of a Gaining Aspect, if they trust
 To these Advantages, and small Things slight,
 Are quickly taught to think 'em not so light.
 Small Things despis'd, great Enmities arise
 From those Invisibles that Men despise.
 Favour is lost, whilst Men small Things contemn;
 Honour, and Riches; Power, and Esteem.
 As Drops of Water wear the close hard Stone,
 Tho' where they pierce can't presently be shewn;
 Little by little with hid Points prevail,
 And bore the Rock they frequently assail:
 So, little Importunities to Sin,
 The Conquest over firm Intentions win;
 And, by soliciting from Day to Day,
 In Time, for great Enormities make way.

So,

So, little Errors and Neglects, do by
 Frequency, make the Mind in Common lie,
 Trampled upon, and yielding all its Growth,
 To feed the Herds of Carelessness and Sloth.
 He that with small Offences first makes bold,
 Goes on at last till he in Crimes grows old.
 He that some small Omissions does repeat,
 Too soon is harden'd to approve the great.
 From light Suspicions having but small Cause,
 Strange Things the Man that is Cenforious draws.
 A little Slander when Ill-Nature brings,
 To false Report it quickly makes large Wings,
 And Town and Country of the Scandal rings.
 From small Displeasures deadly Strifes proceed;
 And little Acts of Love, to lasting Friendships lead.
 But One small Spark when Stores of Powder take,
 They rend, and cause the stedfast Earth to shake.
 One Drop of Tincture turns a mighty Mass,
 And does throughout Ten Thousand Converts pass.

One Grain of Poyson, or its hundredth Part,
 By secret Ways and Paths can reach the Heart;
 The strongest Principles of Life subdues,
 And not a second time its Blow renews.

From one small Seed ascends a lofty Tree
 Whose spreading Boughs our Eyes scarce reach to see.
 A little Leven blended with much Dough,

Alters and does through every Parcel go.
 Small Things despise not, but with watchful Eye
 See well their Force, and well their Force apply.

The smoaking Flax quench not; it may produce,
 In Fuel meet, Fire lasting, and of use.

Such weak Beginnings of a pious Zeal,
 If kindly cherish'd, may in Time excell.

The feeble Reed break not, but gently use,
 And Those whom God does with Affliction bruise,
 Or with Distress of Soul. —————

A little Pride allow not in thy Breast,
 Not suffer small Things oft to break thy Rest;

Left Peevish Anger fast upon thee grow : and emit
 Nor rais'd gonl high, look'd down on those below ;
 There may thy best Friend lie, or that scorn'd Fool
 From whom, one day, shall rise thy Overthrow,
 Observe small Motions, and with strictest Care
 Watch o'er thy Self, and all thy Actions there.
 Thence Wise Men learn great Things ; Fools in them
 And the Unguarded, Much worth while to know. [shew,
 Trust not thy Wealth, nor to thy Wisdom trust,
 Or firm Integrity ; nor be Unjust
 To the most Abject, nor Intreat him Ill
 Who has no Power to resist thy Will.
 God's Providence Invincible proceeds ;
 But Man's Presumption to his Ruin leads.
 No Man can from small Things himself set free ;
 The Least God's Justice serve, and Destiny,
 With sure Effect ; all Human Foresight mock ;
 The strongest Walls can't stand their sudden Shock,
 The ablest Heads, nor the most active Hands :
Let every one beware, that thinks he stands.

Time happens, and prevailing Chance, to All ;
 The Great, the Good, the Wise, the Mighty fall.
 When God shall so see fit, confiding Pride
 Sinks into Dung, and none its Shame can hide.
 When God sees fit, ev'n the Dead revive,
 Dry, scatter'd Bones unite, get Flesh, and live.



The W I S H.

Give Me those true transporting Pleasures
 That Love and Piety attend ;
 Whilst Misers dig and carry Treasures,
 All Greedy, without Use or End.
 Let Voluptuaries seek
 Excesses vile, and snaring Mirth ;
 And for all purer Joys too weak,
 Here grovle in their Grave, the Earth ;

Whilst

Whilst I in nobler Aims delight,
 Which all the Joys on Earth exceed,
 In Joys that worthily invite,
 And no such poor Addition need.



The Truth shall make you Free.

IN vain the base World Contend and Toil,
 And all their Life, to gain Repose, embroil.
 Some every Day new Fears contrive, more Pain,
 So much they want, yet every Day complain.
 Some tear their Wounds, impatient of the Smart,
 And Poyson add, because they dread the Dart.
 Others Forecast, with Prudence as 'tis thought,
 And bring those Ills from whence Escape they sought.
 How Many are at their own Cost destroy'd!
 How Many, seeking More, have much the Less enjoy'd!

How

How Few are Happy ! and how Few are Wise !
 Trusting in Craft, in Power, or Disguise,
 Whilst all true Wisdom quite neglected lies,
 What Numbers lose their Way ! How Many fall
 From those false Ladders they wou'd climb withal !
 The perfect Law of Liberty alone,
 Perfectly practis'd, and entirely known,
 Can make us Happy, and preserve us Free ;
 All other Means but in Deceit agree.
 For Liberty and Property Men cry
 Aloud ! yet Justice where they can deny.
 To hold the Balance, Politicians aim,
 And yet are Base, and much in Crimes the same :
 Armies are rais'd, and Fortresses are built,
 Hatred fomented, Blood like Water spilt :
 The Great Ones Unconcern'd that Thousands fall ;
 The Less, as Thoughtless, Dying at their Call.
 Distrustful Cares, and every sort of Fraud
 And Violence Men love ; each short-liv'd Hit applaud
 Falsely

Falsely with Names and Titles of Success,

When in Reality 'tis nothing less.

Man is Man's greatest Plague ; and in return,

God's just Displeasure does against him burn.

And what can Man keep safe ? Tho' *Babel* Heights

Again they build, again he dissipates.

Tho' Ill-got Riches meanly They Incheat,

These only spread their Canker to the rest.

Whilst to do Well You carelessly neglect,

No Happiness, No Strength, No Wealth expect.

Are Troubles many ? As You ought, so live ;

All Med'cine can no such Composure give.

If You have All Things ; to enjoy 'em well,

And long to have 'em, in the Use excell :

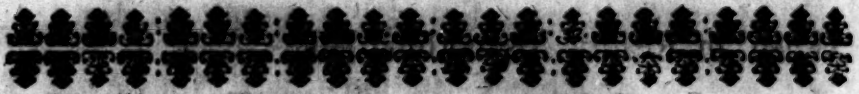
This brings Success and Blessings from Above,

And they again are multiply'd by Love :

To Friends, and Servants, Subjects, and their Kings,

This surest Safety, best Enjoyment brings.





Avarice mean and insatiable.

TO fill their Bags, themselves Some almost
 [starve.
 Some think that Any Thing their Friend may
 [serve,
 Till those can hold no more; and then propose
 Others to add, seeing their Money grows.
 And still the more it grows, the more they save;
 Their Paunch may burst, but they can't cease to Crave.



The Niggard, the Proud Prodigal, and the Man of Honour.

Some almost come out Niggards from the Shell;
 Some Learn the Art, yet Pinch almost as well.
Dromo has Wealth too much, no Child, yet he
 Lives Churlish; Dies with fear of Poverty.

Antonio has a little clogg'd Estate,
 And Many Children; Spends at monstrous Rate;
 He'll neither do Things handsome, nor Provide,
 Nor Friend nor Children minds he; but his Pride,
 His Play, his Gut, all Things that least he shou'd;
 He's mighty Free; but never Just, nor Good;
 All Frugal Actions, whilst one Groat remains,
 Or can be cribb'd or borrow'd, he disdains;
 When infamously by himself left Bare,
 The Prodigal at last begins to Spare,
 The Noble *GENERO* like a Man
 Behaves; he does not every Kindness span;
 His Table's Open, and his Heart is Free,
 His Bills well Pay'd; his first Care, Equity,
 His growing Hopes the best Provision share,
 Sound Education, true Paternal Care,
 Well-laid Foundations growing up each Day;
 Of Piety sincere in Years most gay;
 A Prudent Mother's watchful forming Eye;
 He lets None Want, and None are Bred too High.

Love runs through all the House, and firm-built Peace
 Stands like a Wall preserving his Increase.
 A Harmony of Eyes and Hearts is seen,
 And nothing Rude without, or Mean within:
 His Friends he helps in Earnest with Delight,
 And Those Obliged that can least Repulse:
 To every good Demand does gladly Give,
 And to the Poor Enough, not just to Live
 Longer in Pain, but Bounties that suffice
 Well to employ their Hands, and dry their Eyes:
 Ev'n his Servants speak their Master's Praise
 In all they do, and every One obeys.
 He Virtue loves, Good Neighbourhood Extends,
 With generous Courage the Oppress'd defends,
 Justice maintains, and All that Truth commends.
 Great without Noise a Coronet he wears
 Of Honest Planners; Leaves it to his Heirs.

Marpurse may possibly Leave something More
 To his Spoil'd Fondling, and yet leave it Poor,

Or

Or bury it in Dung; and fouler Care,
 But GENEROUS Branches thrive and bear,
 As in strong Virgin-Mould, His Hand
 Belov'd, and Worthy, and Effect of their rise
 Live compass'd with Content, and like him, Will
 Bless'd by propitious Heaven, They possess
 Riches with which no fardid Sin can bless.

~~~~~

**They that Hate the Righteous,  
 shall be Desolate.**

**W**ith Him in vain all Men contend,  
 Whom God protects, and does defend:  
 His Harm, They daily seek in vain,  
 Whom God supports, and does sustain.  
 Tho' the Almighty sometimes may  
 Seem to remove his Hand away,  
 And leave his Servants for a Prey;  
 Tho' They oft struggle with Distress,  
 Whilst Wicked Men boast great Success;

God



God is both Merciful and Just :  
 All Those that in his Goodness trust,  
 His Hand shall with Rewards encrease,  
 And safely lead to Joy and Peace.  
 All Those that dare in Sin delight,  
 His Anger, or his Mercies flight,  
 His Vengeance certainly will find;  
 He sees their Deeds, tho' They are blind,  
 Tho' Men dare insolently strive,  
 Off Joy and Comfort to deprive  
 Those whom the Lover of Mankind  
 For Joy and Comfort has design'd;  
 And seem their vile Intent to gain;  
 One Night begins and ends their Reign :  
 Soon done is their delusive Bliss;  
 Long lasts Their Grief who do Amiss.  
 All Those that do the Righteous Hate,  
 Tho' fenc'd with Pow'r, and robe'd with State,  
 And loaded with Ill-gotten Prey,  
 For all their Gains shall dearly pay.  
 Tho'

Tho' Wicked Men to Honour rise  
And Wealth, the Just alone are Wise.



# TO PHILARETE, against Fond- ness for Unworthy Pleasures.

## I.

**D**EAR PHILARETE, tho' there are  
Too many that think Pleasure far

More worthy to be fought,

Than at the last it proves when found;

Seek more in Pleasures to abound

That are less pleasant thought.

## II.

A Pure, a Just, and Noble Mind

For High and Useful Things design'd,

Shou'd Mean Delights despise:

Sports Ungenteel are scorn'd at Court;

And Foolish and Unmanly Sport

Does ill become the Wife.

## III. Those

## III.

Those Pleasures that an Earthly Heart  
Does ev'n covet with the Smart,

And every Day pursue,  
Are too Contemptible and Mean  
Amongst Your Pleasures to be seen  
Who Heaven have in View.

## IV.

Your Hopes and Expectations There,  
Your very Pleasures should declare;  
And Nothing so delight,  
As Constantly, and with Success,  
The GOD that Piety does bless,  
To serve both Day and Night.

## V.

The Pleasures that from Him do flow,  
The Joys Religion does bestow,  
Are large, and firmly built :

But



But Folly, Castles in the Air  
 Imagines Strong, and fancies Fair;  
 Joy undermines with Guilt.

VI.

Who to base Pleasures stoop their Time,  
 Little esteem the most sublime;

God, and his Laws they slight:

They never can be what they shou'd,

Truly Devout, and throughly Good,

Who follow vain Delight.

VII.

They live not, tho' they will be fed,

Nor seek the true, enduring Bread:

Of Heav'n they have no sense:

They neither see, nor tast, nor hear,

Nor feel; they Cold, and Stiff appear;

Imposture, and Pretence.

VIII.

God's Glories can't their Souls affect;

The Mourner, they, at Ease, neglect;

Eternity condemn: IV

Goodness, the Business of Mankind,

For which short Life is lent, design'd,

No Duty seems to Them.

IX.

But You, Dear PHILARET, give

Your Mind, as God commands to live;

In all his Word rejoyce:

Let Us, whatever Others love,

Delight in Joys approv'd Above,

And in our Maker's Voice;

"Till in the Regions of Eternal Day

We reap Delights that ne'er decay.



(a) Who Stinks, has need to get  
Perfumes to make him Sweet.

**A** S he that of Perfumes does always smell,  
His Native Stink seems every Day to tell  
Which does those purchas'd Odours needful make ;  
So Borrowers who Sales-mens Praises take,  
And hire Applauses for their Constant Use ;  
More, were a Little of their own Produce.  
Fain wou'd I see Them sometimes Do as well,  
As Linners Draw, and Those Commend that Sell.

If Thy Eye be single, thy whole  
Body shall be full of Light.

**H**OW shall a Man attain to Things Divinè,  
And neither to the Right nor Left decline?

(a) *Non Bene Semper Olet, Qui Bene Semper Olet.*



How shall he know on Earth, the Things Above?

The Ways of God ; His Justice, and his Love?

Some do with Confidence enough pretend,

Above the Stars at one Stride to ascend ;

( And yet reach only to the Common Height )

As Lunatics are Lords in their Conceit.

The curious, vain Inquisitive can spy

New Worlds, o'erlook Things that before 'em lie.

Others there are whom Diffidence delights,

Whom Distance quite dejects, and Darkness frights:

The Laws of their Creator they neglect;

All Search and Care, as of no Use, reject.

But what if Many lost in Labyrinths be ;

Does that Things needful, needless make to me ?

Tho' Wits oft split, and Worldlings search in vain ;

All ought to Labour ; Sloth can Nothing gain.

There are that do in Libraries confide ;

And Some lament, they are so ill supply'd,

And ignorant ; yet These God leads to Rest,

And Learned Men not always are the Best :

Light is a Common Good with-held from None ;  
 To Kings, and Clowns ; Princes, and Peasants New  
 Whoe'r Thou art, if Humble and Sincere,  
 No Error, Thou, nor Darkness, hast to fear ;  
 Attending to His Word with Faith proceed ;  
 Be ever There, and all Thou readest, heed ;  
 For God who loves, to Such makes known his Way,  
 And will Himself be both thy Guide and Day ;  
 Whilst pious, fervent Pray'r by Him inspired,  
 Brings the Obedient Heart those Aids desired ;  
 Fulness of Light within thy Breast shall rise,  
 And to Salvation surely make Thee Wise.

To - - - - - : On a Com-  
 mendatory Copy of Verses  
 presented her in a Frame.

**T**HE Wood may soon be burnt ; the Paper tear ;  
 The Glass may break ; no Writing is so fair,

But it may soon be cancell'd and destroy'd.  
 But Those that constantly are well employ'd,  
 Immortal Honours from all Change secure  
 Attend, and perfect Joys that shall endure:  
 These therefore seek with an unwearied Love,  
 And take Delight in Praises own'd Above.



## To an Audacious Perverter of the Holy Scriptures.

**W**Hat do I hear! Is Scripture then fulfill'd,  
 When Men indulge their Fancy, or  
 [their Spite?  
 Because you chuse to keep your Ground Untill'd;  
 For Thorns and Briars will you plead a Right?  
 Because you waste in Luxury and Ease  
 Hours fleeting, that can never be retriev'd;  
 Will you perswade, that Folly ought to please,  
 And all your mad Harangues to be believ'd?



Is only your unlawful Option, Law?

May those in Error, whom they will seduce?

And ev'n Arguments presume to draw

From Truth it self, to license its Abuse?

Thus that Deceiver tempted with a Text;

And he that of his own meer Motion fins,

The Word of Life to murderous Aims annex'd,

With Scripture ends, and his Assaults begins.

But know, the Scripture's holy; Deference pay

To God the Author; no Construction seek

Apt for thy Turn, thy Aim, or Jest to Day,

But for thy own impartial Thought too weak.

God sees thy Wickedness; his Piercing Eye

And Powerful Arm thus darest Thou incense?

His Truth, to Lyes and to thy Sin to tie;

His Law, to follow after thy Offence?

Thus shou'd thy Servant dare to do by Thee,

How would his Copy from thy Wisdom please?

His making with his Master's Words so free;

And for Obedience, paying Repartees?

If

If thus He do his Fellow-Servants court,  
 To all Licentiousness and Disrespect;  
 Sit down and smile at being made their Sport;  
 Allow their Wit, and wink at their Neglect.  
 Provok'd with Insolencies so bare-fac'd,  
 You can't contain; your Fury must have Vent:  
 Weigh this; beware, lest God arise in haste;  
 No less provok'd; on your Destruction bent.  
 Not diverse Weights and Measures have, but One;  
 For Thine, thy Self, and Strangers, but One Law;  
 Without Partiality be all Things done;  
 He owns Unjust, who does himself withdraw.



## Adversity from God, a Token of his Love.

**A**fflictions never from the Dust arise,  
 They are not owing to an Earthly Cause;

God

God who is Just, and Merciful, and Wise;

By them reforms Us, and defends his Laws.

Since the first Parent of our sinful Race,

Too soon entie'd, despis'd his Sovereign Will;

As Sparks fly upward, these the Earth embrace:

All Parts these Monitors and Guardians fill:

And thus they speak to All; "We here are sent

"By the most tender Father of Mankind;

"Therefore receive us, not with Discontent,

"But with a Pious and Submissive Mind.

"He not one Son he Loves, Unchasten'd leaves,

"Or lightly does Correct; but makes them feel

"His forest Anger, 'till his Love perceives

"It thoroughly does purify and heal.

"Therefore with Filial Reverence endure,

"What He intends a Blessing, while it Pains;

"And while it Wounds, more dangerous Wounds to Cure;

"To make Thee Bright, and wash away thy Stains.







He that hath Ears to hear, let  
him hear.

**T**HE Son of God, from Heav'n, his Word de-  
clares ;  
Sows the good Seed, and the good Soil pre-  
pares ;  
Eternal Torments teaches to avoid ;  
Eternal Life propounds to be enjoy'd.  
Wonders from Ages hid, his Love displays ;  
And Pow'r, that with a Word the Dead doth raise.  
He calls to the Undone : And shall not They  
Run to attend ? with awful Haste obey  
All He their Great Deliverer does command ?  
His Invitation, can his Sav'd withstand ?  
What weightier Cause Attention can require ?  
Can bind our Reverence ? or excite Desire ?  
Sure, only for these Things was Hearing giv'n ;  
To Beasts, for Earth ; but unto Men, for Heav'n.

Come

Come All : and hearken unto Him that made  
 The Ear, and Sound so wondrously convey'd  
 The Harmony attend, of Truths Divine  
 That Pure and Perfect in the Speaker shine  
 His Royal Dignity, and Holy Name,  
 His Promises and Precepts, all the (a) same.  
 Come learn, Ye Ignorant, the Way to Bliss,  
 Learn to do Well, all that have done Amiss  
 You, whom the Fears of God's just Wrath affright,  
 Come, whilst Himself to Mercy does invite  
 Hasten and accept the Amnesty he brings  
 Those Fears as Wind, to forward Love's swift Wings  
 You that have chosen the Delights Above,  
 And GOD the Object of Eternal Love,  
 Always Sufficient, New, Most Bright, Supreme,  
 Large as the Seas, and Flowing as the Stream,  
 Draw nigh, and hear Himself set forth the Way  
 To the best Choice ; and, if you Love, Obey.

(a) Unchangeable, Eternal.

All should; it is the grand Concern of All  
 With Joy to Hear, when He vouchsafes to Call:  
 But the deaf Adder Nothing can persuade,  
 And Melody is harsh to Screech-Owls play'd,  
 By them no Voice so suitable is known,  
 So pleasing, as that hideous Noise their Own.  
 All Those whose Ears God does prepare, will hear;  
 To Them His Word does like it self appear;  
 To Them is spoken: Others may retire;  
 In vain They hear, who don't the Truth desire.  
 His Sayings should sink down into our Ears;  
 And govern all our Actions, Hopes, and Fears.  
 Who only Hear, give God the worthless Part,  
 And sacrifice a Beast that has no Heart.  
 The Proud, the Worldling, and the Timorous bear  
 Nothing but what their Vice and them does spare;  
 Words that search deep, they have not Ears to hear,  
 Possess'd entirely by their Lust and Fear;  
 If to God's House They do sometimes draw nigh,  
 His Word, there spoken, only can run by.



**GOD** the Encourager of sincere  
Piety ; and a Judge that will  
not let the Impenitent go  
Unpunish'd.

(From P s A L M I.)

**H** I M Blessings from Above surround,

Who Ill Advice abhors to hear ;

Who in Ill Paths is never found,

Nor does for Wickedness appear ;

But takes in serving God Delight ;

His Word considers well, obeys ;

Makes this his Pleasure in the Night ;

His joyful Practice all his Days.

As goodly Trees their Boughs extend,

Plac'd near a fertile River's side,

And thick with Fruit delicious bend,

To all the barren Wild deny'd ;

So He in all Things shall succeed,

In Season prosper; not a Leaf

Of his shall wither, who doth lead

In Upright life, in Joy, in Grief;

As for those who dare not

To violate and disesteem;

They waste away with Grief and Care,

Their Happiness is all a Dream.

As Stormy Winds the Chaff disperse

Which from the weightier Corn is blown;

GOD, whose pure Eye all Hearts doth pierce,

Will quickly fan them from His Own.

For He that is the Lord of All,

Doth Righteousness with Love behold;

And utter Ruin shall befall

The Safest impiously Bold.

Nothing We do, or, for Him, bear,

Is hid from His All-searching Eye;

Nor will His Wrath the Wicked spare,

Or can their Guilt his Vengeance fly.

When God to Judgment shall arise;

How, much sooner a-while they boast,

And Happy count themselves, and Wife,

Dear will their Wit and Pleasure cost.

His Anger, like Devouring Fire,

Shall purge his People from such Stains

Their guilty Souls with Dread expire;

This is the fruit of all their Gains:

When that to them Tremendous Day

Shall with this World all their Delight

Consume, they shall to Mountains pray,

In vain, to hide them from his sight.

In vain they'll wish among the Just

To mix; it will not be allow'd:

Far, far from Them they shall be thrust,

And only with their Like can croud.

Good Men concurring to decide;

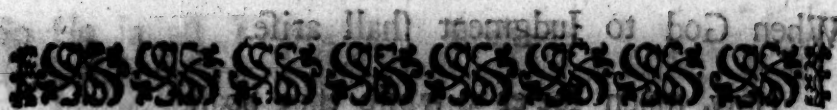
Knowing God's Will; His Judgments seen;

Shall ev'n now the Goats divide,

And part the Filthy from the Clean.







## Use makes Perfect.

**H**I M that wou'd Practice well, good Rules  
[must guide,  
By constant Practice workmanly apply d.

A Habit once obtain'd of doing right ;

Rules become Knowledge, Bus'ness grows Delight :

All is perform'd with Readiness and Ease :

Before, Men only Learn ; but then, they Please.

Thus Men, in Arts and in Religion grow :

Rules, upon None Perfection can bestow ;

And Practice, without Rules, is insecure ;

Where both concurr, the Fabrick will endure :

That will seem Nature, which at first was taught ;

And Nothing then so Irksome as a Fault.



Instruction

Instruction is Lost, on Those that  
want Capacity.

**F**ools, from good Rules learn only to Transgress;  
By Chance they may do Well, or find Success:  
They, by the straightest Lines still walk awry,  
The best Advice, imprudently apply.

On Those that are ashamed to  
leave their Faults.

**T**he Bull falling in a Ditch,  
Wish'd often to be Clean;  
But durst not wash away the Dirt,  
For fear it should be seen.



## On Short and Sweet.

**S**hort and Sweet  
We oftner meet,

Than Sweetness lasting long;  
Who lasting Pleasures think to find  
In Things below the Human Mind,  
Are always in the wrong.

## The Measure of Obligations.

**C**hurls, in Requital, Less than they bestow,  
Deserve; Some, Nothing; Some such Base-  
ness shew,  
That Punishment is all they have to claim:  
The Good, much Praise deserve; Vice, equal Blame.  
Foolish Profuseness, and promiscuous Waste,  
Designs, and Ill Designs, the Man of Taste  
Can't own for Kindnesses; nor those Men free,  
Whose Gifts are but their Tools of Tyranny.



No equal Recompences can be made  
To Some; so well the Obligation's laid  
Others, with Like for Like, are over-paid:  
The Obligation from the Mind proceeds:  
And the Authentick Vouchers, are, Mens Deeds.

## The Day of PENTECOST.

(From P s A L M XIX.)

**T**HE Heavens the Glory of our GOD declare;  
From Thence He does a mighty Wind prepare  
With Force, that Him the Author of it proves;  
Hear how it rushes, and yet nothing moves!  
Nothing is seen, or shaken, or displac'd;  
Yet it comes on, exceeding loud and fast:  
*The Sound as of a mighty rushing Wind*  
Encreases, yet the Air all Calm we find.  
Whence can this great Phenomenon proceed!  
From Heav'n it descends; it There does lead

The diligent Enquirer, and to hear  
 The Voice of God with an attentive Ear.  
 As Moses, when the Burning Bush he saw  
 Burn unconsum'd, did enter to it draw  
 To learn the Cause, and heard amidst the Fire  
 The Voice of Him whom Heav'n and Earth desire,  
 Commanding awful Reverence, making known  
 That God would surely help and save His Own;  
 Here on the Wings of this great Wind he flies  
 In mighty Aids, and bows the Vaulted Skies,  
 Prospering with his Power from Above  
 The Zealous Servants of His Royal Love.  
 As at the Sound of an approaching Host  
 The Syrians trembled, (all their Courage lost,)  
 And fled, and cast their Garments in the Way,  
 That ev'n those might not their Flight delay;  
 So now, great Kings with sudden Terror fill'd,  
 And numerous Armies; Those in Arms unskill'd,  
 The Naked and Defenceless, put to Flight:  
 And Weakness overcomes all Human Might.

They of the Household of the Prince of Pencil  
 Divide the Spoil, and all Oppressions cease.  
 Here Corsets, there rich Swords and Breast-Plates  
 There, 'Broider'd Coats : And there, surprise the Eye  
 Great Magazines of Warlike Stores, entire  
 For Those to take who could no Part acquire ;  
 Tents standing ; and brave Counters at the Rack,  
 Whom yet their Owners durst not stay to back.  
 The famish'd City Those who starv'd, supply  
 With Corn ; the powerful Besiegers fly ;  
 Dearth vanishes at once ; and Granaries brought  
 From the Foes Camp, Lower than cou'd be thought,  
 Instantly sink the Price ; and now the Poor  
 Have Plenty great as Rich Mens Wants before.  
 Their Foes do all precipitately fly ;  
 Without, Untouch'd ; of Inward Dread they Die ;  
 And having no Pursuers, but those Fears  
 Their Guilt is always sounding in their Ears ;  
 They haste away, and None their Place can find,  
 Scatter'd as empty Chaff before the Wind.

With



With Power from on High, and Tongues of Fire,  
 Our Mighty Lord does all his Chiefs inspire;  
 The World astonish'd, does their Progress hear,  
 And gaze at Their Victorious Zeal with Fear:  
 Their Holocausts with Fire Celestial pure,  
 Acceptance There obtain, God's Eye endure:  
 Now, not again from Sinai's Burning Hill  
 Is giv'n the Law of Dread, Commands that kill,  
 But Strength from Sion, to do Jehovah's Will.

Now is the Feast of Harvest come indeed;  
 Not Corn and Wine they bring, but Nations lead  
 To God, from all the Habitable Earth;  
 Strength to bring forth, completes the Holy Birth.



To - - - my Much-Esteem'd  
 and Worthy Friend.

**T**hat Pleasure's dear, whose End is endless Pain;  
 Delights to miss, that hurt the Soul, is Gain.

My

My

My Worthy Friend, these ever wisely sight;  
 In God, and Virtue, be our chief Delight  
 To Those our Love let us make haste to shew,  
 Whose sacred Friendship whilst we share Below;  
 Only to be Above, can greater Joys bestow.  
 As Tempting as unlawful Pleasures seem;  
 Their Mischief's Lasting; all their Sweet's a Dream:  
 As much as (a) Truth Provokes, and Falshoods Please;  
 They seek our Death, who nourish our Disease.  
 Let us Immortal Joys with Zeal pursue;  
 All Heav'n-born Souls Earth tread upon, subdue.



## The DOXOLOGY.

### I.

**G**reat Ruler of the World, to Thee  
 Let me who am but Dust give Praise;  
 Not my Demerits weigh;

---

(a) *Obsequium Amicos, Veritas Odium parit.*

That

That Service and those Sufferings see,  
 Of Him to whom my Trust I raise,  
 On whom for Grace I stay;

## II.

All that I have, or am, is Thine;

By Thy Protecting Pow'r upheld,

I to this Day remain:

If Thou on their Endeavours shine;

Of Those by whom they are excell'd,

The Weak the Start may gain.

O hold Thou up my Going in Thy Ways,

That my Feet slip not; Life best speaks thy Praise.

THE END





